

life

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NOTICE TO READER

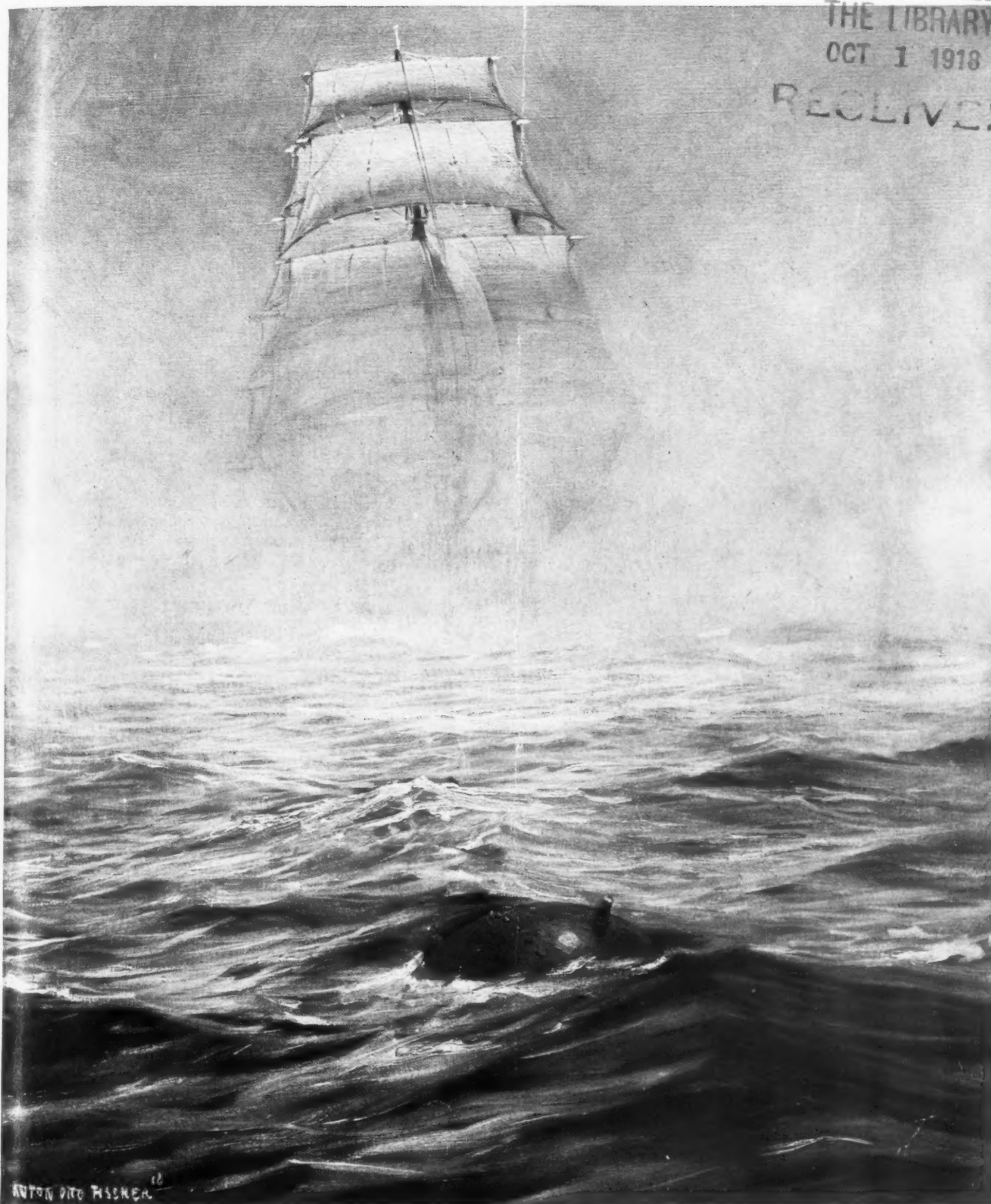
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Ye gentlemen of England
That live at home at ease,
Ah! little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas.

—Old Song.



I Am Public Opinion!

ALL men fear me! I declare that Uncle Sam shall not go to his knees to beg you to buy his bonds. That is no position for a fighting man. But if you have the money to buy and do not buy, I will make this No Man's Land for you!

I will judge you not by an allegiance expressed in mere words.

I will judge you not by your mad cheers as our boys march away to whatever fate may have in store for them.

I will judge you not by the warmth of the tears you shed over the lists of the dead and the injured that come to us from time to time.

I will judge you not by your uncovered head and solemn mien as our maimed in battle return to our shores for loving care.

But, as wise as I am just, I will judge you by the material aid you give to the fighting men who are facing death that you may live and move and have your being in a world made safe.

I warn you—don't talk patriotism over here unless your money is talking victory Over There.

I am public opinion! As I judge, all men stand or fall!

Buy U. S. Gov't Bonds Fourth Liberty Loan



Contributed through Division of Advertising

United States Govt. Comm. on Public Information

This space contributed for the Winning of the War by

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

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The Seven Ages of America

*That We Must Pass Through Before
We Can Win the War*

PACK-AGE—When everyone carries home his own parcels.

Garb-age—When patches are badges of honor on our one cotton suit per year.

Break-age—When all idlers, rich or poor, male or female, are put on the rock pile.

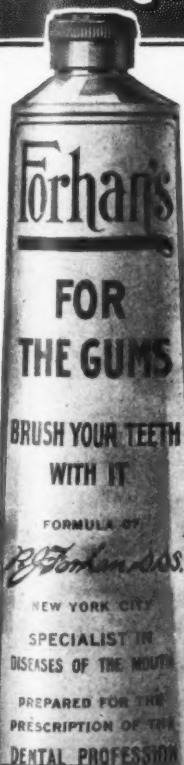
Coin-age—When every penny we can possibly save goes into Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps.

Men-age—When we release all our men in domestic service for war work.

Herb-age—When vegetables from the war-garden replace meat and wheat on our tables to the greatest possible extent.

Smile-age—When we realize that a long face is the Kaiser's best ally.

Be suspicious of tender gums



Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

BE suspicious of any tenderness or bleeding of the gums. This is usually the first stage of Pyorrhea—an insidious disease of the gums that destroys the teeth and undermines bodily health.

Gradually the gums become spongy. They inflame, then shrink, thus exposing the unenameled tooth-base to the ravages of decay. Tiny openings in the gums form gateways for disease germs to enter the system. Medical science has traced many ill to these infecting germs in the gums weakened by Pyorrhea.

They are now known to be a frequent cause of indigestion, anaemia, rheumatism and other serious conditions.

So watch carefully for that first tenderness or bleeding of the gums. Try Forhan's immediately. It positively prevents Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease) if used in time and used consistently.

And in preventing Pyorrhea—it guards against other ills.

Forhan's (For the Gums) cleans teeth scientifically as well. Brush your teeth with it. It keeps the teeth white and free from tartar.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

30c and 60c tubes
All Druggists

FORHAN CO.
202 6th Ave., N. Y.
Send for Trial Tube Free

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Brown, Shipley & Company's office in the West End of London is the most convenient of all locations for Americans stationed in or passing through London. Brown Brothers & Company have also, for the convenience of their patrons, an American representative in France, with headquarters at the office of the Credit Commercial de France, 20-bis, Rue Lafayette, Paris.

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BROWN, SHIPLEY & COMPANY

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Natural

LITTLE Frederick went with an aunt through the cemetery. Upon his return home he went to his father and said: "Father, I went for a walk with auntie through the cemetery to-day, and we read the inscriptions on the tombstones."

"And what were your thoughts, my son, after you had done so?" asked the father.

"Well, father," replied the child, seriously, "I wondered where all the wicked people were buried."

"ISN'T she a splendid mother?"

"Simply wonderful. She is so particular about whom she hires to take care of her children."



\$400 in Prizes

Every one of us thinks that he could be a poet if he tried. And the funny part of it is that occasionally he is right. Send us a jingle about ZYMOLE TROKEYS—the wonderful throat pastilles—the best thing for husky throats—and you may win one of the big prizes for jingles. First, \$150; second, \$100; third, \$75; fourth, \$25, and five \$10 prizes. Send your jingle to our Jingle Department before Dec. 15th, 1918.

Frederick Stearns & Company
1042 East Jefferson Ave. Detroit, Mich.

Zymole Trokeys
"FOR HUSKY THROATS"



Everybody is Reading Me

Fellows everywhere:

Have you been thinking about sending a little gift, say for Christmas, to your mother, your wife, your sister, your sweetheart or the boy over there?

Something that will be a cheerful reminder of your thought of them?

Something that will only take a few strokes of your pen to send, involving no impossible shopping, and will still be, perhaps, the thing they would best like to receive?

Forward the amount of a yearly subscription to *LIFE* (see rates in the coupon below) and we will begin the subscription at once or at any date you may designate.

With the subscription will be forwarded to the recipient a Christmas card or proper notification to this effect, if requested in the order.

Ever yours,

Life

American Sailors and Soldiers all like *LIFE*.
So do the Marines.

Send them a subscription.

Domestic rates are sufficient if subscriptions are sent to ships whose mail goes in care of the New York Postmaster, or to Soldiers and Marines if sent to them as members of the American Expeditionary Forces without definite foreign address.

For the fleets and armies of our Allies, the rate is \$6.04.



"Best wishes to *LIFE*, the most sought for magazine in France."

—Extract from a letter received from one of our boys now in a hospital in Vichy, France.

Special Offer

Enclosed find five dollars (Canadian \$5.52, Foreign \$6.04). Send *LIFE* for one year to

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York. 61
One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

...and with Navy Officers,
it's a little over 80%

A fact:

Sales reports show that throughout the U. S. Navy—on battleships, cruisers, destroyers and all other types of naval vessels—over 80% of all the cigarettes sold in Officers' Mess are Fatimas. Among the men too, of course, Fatimas are a big favorite.

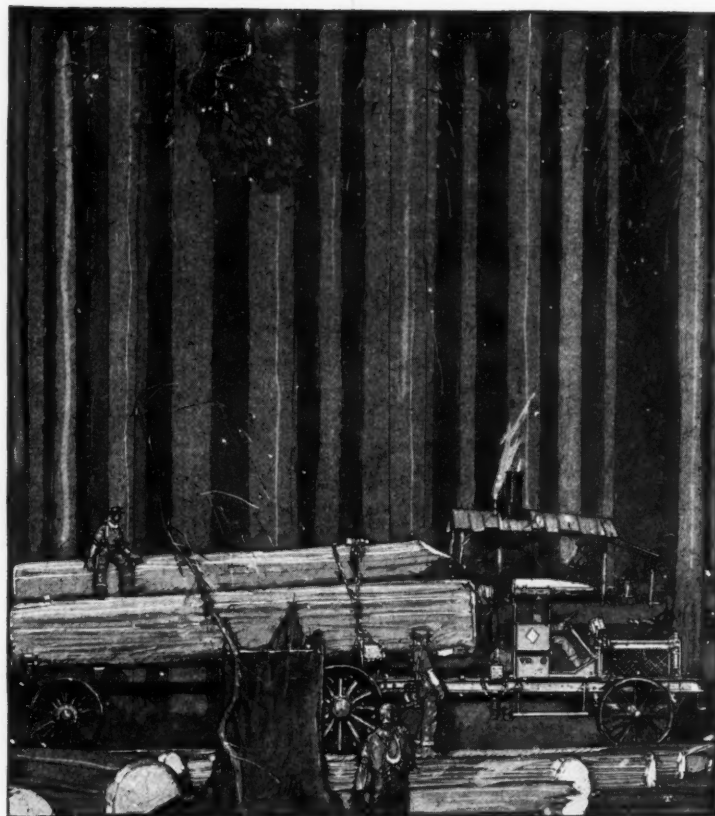
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

FATIMA

A Sensible Cigarette

This preference for Fatima in the Navy is due not alone to the pleasing taste, but also to the fact that Fatimas never "talk back," even if a man should smoke more than usual.





Speeding up Spruce production for the "Eyes" of the Army

WHITE TRUCKS



USERS of White Trucks are finding out in these days what it means to have *reserve* performance so tenaciously embodied in a truck that it can be drawn upon indefinitely without impairment.

White Trucks have the stamina

THE WHITE COMPANY
CLEVELAND

LIFE

A Gradual Evolution

As I used to hear it sung some fifty years ago:

WHEN Johnnie comes marching home again—Hurrah!
Hurrah!—

When Johnnie comes marching home again—Hurrah!—
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
And the ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay when Johnnie comes marching home.

As I hope to hear it sung within the next few months:

When the Yankees come sailing home again—Hurrah!
Hurrah!—

When the Yankees come sailing home again—Hurrah!—
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
And the ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay when the Yankees come sailing home.

As it will be sung in Berlin and other parts of Germany in the near future:

When Wilhelm comes limping home again—Ach bah!
Ach bah!—

When Willie comes sneaking home again—Ach bah!—
The boys will jeer, the girls will hoot,
The men will all apply the boot,
And we'll all feel mean when Willie comes limping home.
H. F. A.

Wet Weather

ANOTHER quota of dusky patriots had departed on a troop train for a draft cantonment. Mrs. Rufus Rastus Johnston Browne hadn't been there.

"Lillian, did you weep?" she asked a luckier sister.

"Did I weep! Woman, I had a cloud-burst!"



François: WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THE WAR IS NEARLY OVER?

Sandy: HASN'T MY MASTER JUST GONE OVER TO STOP IT?

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1917, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation thirty-one years. In that time it has expended \$168,071.31 and has given a fortnight in the country to 39,193 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged	\$11,172.25
R. E. Rivero	10.00
Geo. N. Sampson	10.00
Edwin J. Bishop	5.00
"Peter"	100.00
G. E. Pierpont	10.00
E. C. Van Wickle	1.00
John W. Manson	2.00
Geo. M. Hendee	7.00
Wells Fargo Ostrander	25.00
A Friend	5.00
W. R. Harney	25.00
Ashbel and Frederic Fitch	2.00
K. W. A.	5.00
H. V. Conrad	7.00
F. J. Cobbs	100.00
Myrtle Gagnon	5.00

\$11,491.25

Berlin Will Come to Us

CONGRESSMAN CALDWELL of New York, a member of the House Committee on Military Affairs, said (September 14th) the Americans might get Metz in a week, but that it would still take four years to capture Berlin, "unless there is a revolution in Germany meanwhile."

Four years is too much; at least three years too much. But if it takes too long for the Allies to get to Berlin,



"WHAT DO YOU DO FOR A LIVING, YOUNG MAN?"
 "I'M A BOND SALESMAN."
 "LIBERTY BONDS?"
 "NO—CAPTIVITY."



"HEY, ED! COME 'ERE QUICK! OUR SHIP'S GONE AND LEFT US!"

Berlin will come to the Allies. According to current tales in the papers, it is on the way now, and coming pretty fast.

Will They Give Out?

FRANCE has given General Pershing the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor.

Handsome gift to a handsome man of great merit.

But what will be the condition of the various fountains of honor in the various Allied countries after this war?

Won't they run dry?

Thoughtful

"**L**OOK here! You didn't tell me you were going to kiss my wife when you played in the society movies."

"No. Knowing how fond you are of her, I wanted to have it come to you as a pleasant little surprise."

Sexes

The third sex is the single woman who is in a job and does not want to marry.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

WHY stop there? The fourth sex is the married man who outwardly agrees with his wife and wishes he hadn't married her. The fifth is the wife of the man who is never at home. The sixth is the man who married one woman after another, becoming skillful in getting rid of the last. Based on this grouping system, there is scarcely any limit to the number of sexes. There is in fact no uniform universal type. There are old fools and young fools and fools intermediate. "What fools these mortals be!" applies to the majority.

RED is our spirit.
 White is our method of warfare.
 Blue is the way we make the German millions feel.



HERR SCHMITT, WHO IS FOND OF WALKING, INSISTS ON TAKING HIS FRAU WITH HIM TO OBSCURE THE VIEW OF BILL-BOARDS, WHICH, HE SAYS, "SPOILS DER SCENERY"



A GASLESS SUNDAY
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS THE PEDESTRIAN GETS A CHANCE AT THE HIGHWAY

Exceptional Haste

NO fiction could be more interesting than the real stories of the admirable exploits of the Pennsylvania state police that Katherine Mayo tells in her latest book, "The Standard Bearers" (Houghton Mifflin).

Miss Mayo was largely instrumental in securing the New York Legislature's adoption of the law establishing in New York a similar law protecting the rural population from criminals. When Miss Mayo told the Hon. Elihu Root that the bill had been passed by both houses and signed by the Governor, all in less than two years, he was mightily surprised.

"I have always believed," he said, "that it took the New York Legislature at least fourteen years to pass a good law," emphasizing the "good."

NOTICE to Dealers in Second-Hand Clothing: The Kaiser has sixty-seven uniforms.



BIRDS OF A FEATHER

A Monument to the Civil War

STRANGE things happen. The *Popular Mechanics Magazine* reports that in Kentucky, on the line between Christian and Todd counties, there is rising an obelisk of poured concrete in memory of Jefferson Davis. It was begun about fifteen months ago, and the plan calls for a height of three hundred and fifty-one feet, which will be reached next year, war permitting. Parts of three states can be seen from the top of it. All of them are in the Union.

Why so tall a monument to Mr. Davis? He was a gentleman and a scholar. He was the figurehead of an enormous and gallant effort to accomplish self-determination for some

white people, accompanied by slavery for some blacks. His failure is rated nowadays as one of the great mercies of modern history, in spite of the much too drastic and prolonged miseries in which it involved his adherents. Why so tall a shaft of poured concrete to a man who won his place in history by an effort to dissolve the Union, and whose failure has long since ceased to be regretted, except by a few old-timers in the North, who groan and say that if the South had got away it wouldn't be running the country now?

It is pure sentiment, that monument; like the French wounded-eagle at Waterloo. It won't say anything about Jefferson Davis; there is nothing to say about him personally that calls for three hundred and fifty-one perpendicular feet of poured concrete. It

will say: "It took the states to the north of me four hard and bloody years to persuade the states south of me not to leave the Union."

They may call it a monument to Jefferson Davis, but it will really be a monument to the Civil War.

No doubt such monuments will rise some day in Germany, but whom will they be named after?

THE buggy hadn't gone two miles when the man who was driving turned the mare around and started for home. The girl looked glum.

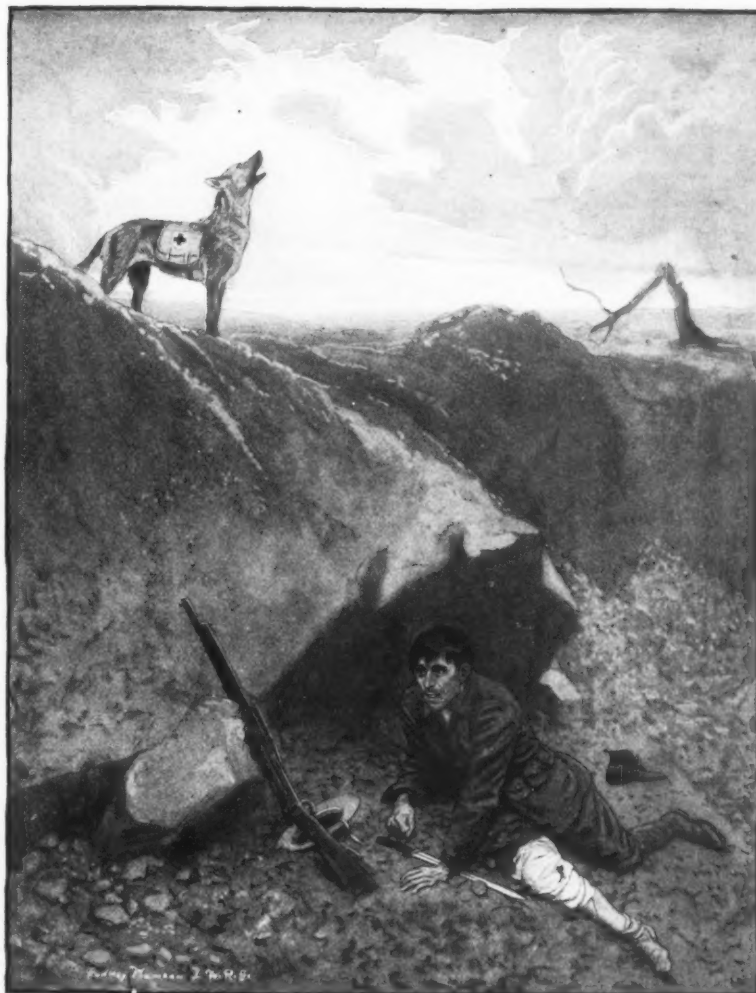
"What is the matter with you, Clara?" the man asked solicitously.

"You're just like the old Kaiser," she pouted. "Your drives get shorter and shorter."

Ladies! Ladies!

IT appears that the wild ladies who have been picketing the White House, parading with belligerent banners and raising the devil generally, are not endorsed by the regular advocates of woman suffrage. According to Mrs. Ida Husted Harper, they have been guilty of horrid actions. "In 1916 they changed their name from the Congressional Union to the National Woman's Party, thus confusing the mind of the public." As for the picketing, Mrs. Harper says, "I need not enter into that unfortunate action further than to say that it contributed largely to the defeat of the suffrage amendment in Maine that autumn, and came very near losing it in the State of New York."

Mrs. Harper further declares that while the National Suffrage Association was founded in 1869, the so-called National Woman's Party, that is responsible for the high doings in Washington, is less than five years old, and originally cut loose from the main organization by clandestinely using the association's letter-heads for a starter, and that its leaders, Miss Alice Paul and Miss Lucy Burns, were in jail with Mrs. Pankhurst, and are, in effect, wicked outsiders. It is a dreadful accusation which Mrs. Harper makes in a letter



THE VOICE OF A FRIEND



SAVING WOOL
SOME OF US ARE MORE THOROUGH-GOING
THAN OTHERS

to Senator Thomas. Senator Reed from Missouri, when he heard it, suggested that "it will now be in order to await an equally frank opinion of the National American Woman's Suffrage Association by the National Woman's Party."

It will thus be seen by careful observers of femininity in general that the woman suffrage movement in this country is taking a normal course, which means, basically, hair-pulling and other regular excitements. All this, of course, as every woman knows, will help win the war.

Thanks Due

NEXT time we have a day of public thanksgiving special mention should be made of that popular favor-

ite, the Crown Prince of Germany.

We owe more than can be estimated to his persistent continuance in high command.

The Best Way to End the War

IS the war not going to be won until the hat-check people are put under government control? This is the great question now before us. Up to the present time we have worried along as best we could, getting what money there was out of the steel and kindred industries and the incomes of tired business men. But now that real cash has to be raised, why not strike at the heart of the problem and put the hat-check plutocrats where they belong, by taxing them ninety or ninety-five per cent. of their profits?

The Parable of the Prodigal Son

(Revised)

A CERTAIN Pacifist had two sons. And when the younger of them became of age his father said to him, I will give to thee that portion of my goods which falleth to thee, for no man can be called my son that votes the Bull-Moose ticket.

And he divided unto them his living.

And there arose in a far country a mighty war, and the younger son gathered all together and journeyed to that land.

And he went and joined himself to the Lafayette Escadrille of that country, and they sent him into the sky to fight the Hun.

And he filled the Huns with machine-gun bullets, and ail gave him much praise.

And when the U-boats sank the Lusitania he said, How many among my father's party are preaching Peace-at-any-price, and I know the Boche at first hand!

I will arise and go unto my father, and will say unto him, Father, I am for Preparedness before all things else. And thou mayest not wish to call me "son," but listen to my tale of these people's foul deeds before thou raiseth thy voice against war.

And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off his father saw the ribbon of the Legion of Honor on his breast, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him.

And the son said unto him, Father, I am still an unbeliever in thy doctrines and am strong for Preparedness, even though I am a Pacifist's son.

But the father said to the servants, Bring forth the Ford and put him in it, and bring hither the grape juice and open it and let us drink and be merry:

For this my son is one hundred per cent. American, and for that I rejoice. And they began to be merry.

Now his elder son was in the field: and as he came and drew nigh to the house he heard a jazz band record.

And he called one of the servants, and asked what this thing meant.

And he said unto him, Thy brother is come, and thy father hath opened the grape juice because he hath received him safe and sound.

And he was angry, and would not go in: therefore came his father out and entreated him.

And he answering said to his father, Lo, these many years do I serve thee, voting each four years for W. J. Bryan and speaking at all times against Preparedness, and thou never gavest me even a single bottle, that I might make merry with my friends:

But as soon as this thy son was come that has made of us a laughing stock and of our beliefs a joke thou hast taken him into thy Ford and opened for him the grape juice.

And he said, Son, thou hast ever been of my mind and all my beliefs are thine.

But it is meet that we should make merry and be glad, for this thy brother has red blood in his veins and hath rescued the family from Pro-Germanism forever.



"NOW, BERTIE, IF YOU'RE VERY GOOD I'LL GIVE YOU A PENNY."
"I'M AFRAID I CAN'T AFFORD TO BE GOOD FER LESS'N TWO CENTS,
GRAN'MA—NOT THE WAY PRICES IS TO-DAY."

Internal

WILLIE: How do you feel after those green apples?
BOBBIE: As if I had a Boche inside of me.



"THIS IS A HELLOVA PLACE T' SEND A GUY."
"YEP, THE FRENCH GENERAL MUSTA THOUGHT WE WAS
MARINES."



LOOTLESS SUNDAY IN NEW JERSEY

September



F. T. RICHARDS

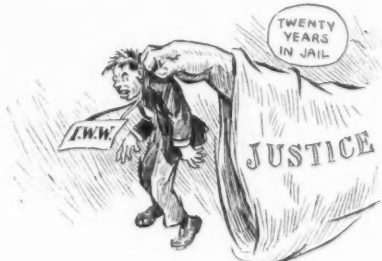


ALL AT SEA BUT HIS NAVY

NO LAND IN SIGHT.



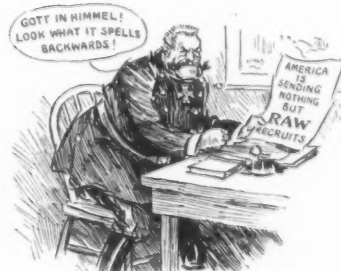
IN MEMORY OF LAFAYETTE



A JOB WELL DONE.



UNCLE SAM'S MESSAGE TO THE GERMAN PEOPLE



ANOTHER CASE OF HINDSIGHT

Heroes of Big Business

THE specialization of literature in America goes merrily on in spite of war. Groups of hired workers in the literary field do the same thing over and over again, until they become so expert at it that they can do it with their eyes shut or both hands tied behind them. Thus in all well organized magazine plants we have the production of the business story. So far as is known, that able person, George Horace Lorimer of the *Saturday Evening Post*, was the first one to underwrite and develop this particular line of industry. Now any hard-working author of moderate intelligence and fair muscular development can turn out, in a few hours, a business story worth, in the open market, all the way from twelve to twelve hundred dollars. The formula for writing the business story has about the same elements as that used for turning out Ford cars, except that one man divides his mind into several departments, each one of which turns out a particular part. Lastly, the plot, which is the same old framework of "Virtue triumphant," is assembled from the various parts, in slightly varying proportions. All Ford cars are alike. All business stories vary just enough to appear to the innocent reader to be different from one another. As a matter of fact, this never deceives the willing reader. He knows he has read the story before, but he likes to read it over again with a slightly different assembling of the parts; just as "movie" fiends like to see the same story reproduced on the screen over and over again. Occasionally some poor devil of a literary genius invents a new plot, but as nobody will publish it, he is perfectly safe and quite harmless.



SOME NEW USES FOR FRENCH AND BELGIAN ORPHANS IN THE WAR

Invitation

AN American battery was the object of shell attack. As time went on the Germans improved their aim and rapidity of fire to the extent of causing considerable uneasiness among the American gunners, finally registering three direct hits.

One well-directed shell struck the entrance of a dug-out and buried the men under tons of earth. Their comrades rushed to their aid with shovels, and dug frantically amid the flying pieces of exploding shrapnel. Frequently they would call out, "Are you alive in there? Can you hear us?"

After some minutes the workers could catch a faint response to their questions.

"Are any of you hurt?" they asked.

"No," came the smothered answer. "What are you doing?"

"Digging you out."

"Have the Boches stopped firing?" was the indistinct query.

"No."

"Stop digging, then," came back the fervent appeal from the tangled ruin.



Train Conductor (examining one of the new non-transferable commutation tickets): HAVE YOU THE NERVE TO CLAIM THAT THIS IS YOUR PORTRAIT?

Commuter: YES, SIR. I GREW THESE WHISKERS WHILE I WAS WAITING FOR THE TRAIN.



"I WON'T LET YE UP TILL YE PROMISE TO RESTORE HER DOLL AN' PAY AN INDEMNITY OF FOUR GUM DROPS"

United States Marine Corps

THEY'RE minute men of Uncle Sam;
They never ask—nor give a damn—
What kind o' job is theirs—nor where;
Give 'em the order—and they are there!
Quick on the trigger, and fight on the run—
For every man is a son-of-a-gun—
With Uncle Sam's Marines.

They're hard-shelled cusses, and full o' grit;
They're seasoned, and nervy, and battle-fit;
Shoulder to shoulder, and hand to hand,
They're first at sea and first to land;
At home in the trenches, or with the fleet—
And they'll take death before defeat—
The United States Marines.

Why Talaat Wants the War to End

TALAAAT PASHA, Turkish Grand Vizier, is quoted (September 8th) as thinking that peace will come before winter. No use going on with the war, he says. It has exhausted itself in its achievements. Even America must soon think so.

But if the war ends as it should, Talaat will be hanged. He is chief among the scoundrels who are responsible for the Armenian massacres. Enver Pasha is another, and there are some Germans. None of them should escape retribution. What Talaat really wants is that the war should fizzle out to an inconclusive end, so that no one will have power to catch and hang him. All the blacker and more notorious scoundrels of the Central Powers must want that same thing.

Enforced Duty

"YOU say you were up all night with the baby. What was the trouble?"
"My husband was in Washington."



The Robin: HERE, TAKE IT, IF YOU'RE SO BLAMED HUNGRY AS ALL THAT, AND KEEP STILL!



OCTOBER 3, 1918

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*VOL. 72
No. 1875

Published by
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17 West Thirty-first Street, New York
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o—h.
must I
tighten it
again
this year!

SINCE the experts have written up the St. Mihiel exploit, it seems bigger and better than

ever. Our Allied friends seem very much pleased with it, as evidence of competence and skill in the staff of the American army. There, if anywhere, the Americans were expected to fall down, and that their job at St. Mihiel was not only skilfully and completely planned, but carried through with such celerity and precision, has brought increased confidence to all Allied observers who want to get through with the war.

At this writing everything still goes well, except, perhaps, the weather. It is moist and muddy on the Lorraine front. On other fronts more activity has been possible. The Servians, with assistance, have got the Bulgarians on the run in Macedonia, and the British have routed the Turks in Palestine, and there are new maps to be examined and names of new places to be learned. The Rumanians are stirring again. People who have had to accept a German peace seem to take the first chance to escape from it. It seems to be the next worst thing to extinction.

Meanwhile, as usual, there is something for us to do at home. Mr. Hoover says there is enough food to go around and keep the armies fed, if we are careful, but that we ought to abate our present consumption of bread, meat and fats by about half a pound a week. And since, as things now go, and because food prices are so high, a great many people are getting no more food than they need, he expects the rest of us to save considerably more than half a pound a

week, so that the average will be right. If we do, he says we can finish the war next year and save a million lives.

Anything Mr. Hoover says goes. The first thing to do is to find out how much a pound of food is. No ordinary eater knows that, but he can find out by weighing bread and bacon on a letter scale, and then save it.



THE President remarks that the German-bought Bolsheviks have passed the limit of toleration in murdering people in Russia, and asks all the nations to "register their abhorrence of such barbarism." To register abhorrence of Lenine and Trotzky and mass terrorism seems a rather feeble form of opposition to such goings-on as we read of in Russia. But if the President thinks it will do good he doubtless has reason to think so. It will not strengthen the Bolsheviks to have their doings called "barbarism" by the chief spokesman of the United States, and to denounce mass murder by a political party is perhaps a useful first step to measures to abate it. Our government has been very chary of taking any steps that could be construed as opposition to the wishes of the Russian people, and Mr. Wilson's denunciation of the Russian Terror betokens confidence that the Russian people are not behind it, and can be rallied to stop it.

Presumably it has pretty well run its course, and things are shaping for or-

ganization of a true democratic government in Russia with which our country and others that are not under control of the German General Staff can co-operate.



NOT much is known to the American public about Mr. John W. Davis, our new ambassador to Great Britain. He has been Solicitor General in the Department of Justice, the office next in importance to that of the Attorney General and one more conducive to hard work than to advertisement. He comes from West Virginia, is a graduate of Washington and Lee University, and is forty-five years old. At present he is in Berne, Switzerland, on the business of the American-German Prisoners' Conference. He is the head of the American delegation to the conference.

It used to be desired to send to the Court of St. James some very well known man, possessed of grace, wisdom and distinction, qualified to charm as many layers as possible of British society, and of a sufficient private fortune to finance the place. But this year all these qualifications are of secondary importance, except as they bear upon the primary need, which is, to have in our Embassy in London the man who can best help win the war. The British ambassador to this country is of quite a different type from any that ever came here before. If Mr. Davis is a different kind of man from what we have been used to send to London, it is nothing against the appointment. It seems he is an able man, an excellent lawyer, agreeable in company and active in business. It may be taken for granted that he does not eat with his knife nor chew tobacco in public. His social and scholarly accomplishments are certified by his connection with the Phi Beta Kappa, the Phi Kappa Psi, the Masons and the Elks, and unless his picture in the paper is untruthful, he is extra good-looking. They say he is a close friend of Mr. Lansing, and of course he is acceptable to Mr. Wilson, which is the main thing, for our leading represen-



THE ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN

tative in London should of all things, just now, be a man in harmony with the purposes of our President.



CARDINAL FARLEY, as a Prince of the Roman Catholic Church, stood for much that the average American non-Catholic regards with humor, apprehension or displeasure, according to his make-up. Cardinals, as Cardinals, are regarded somewhat jealously here. Nevertheless, of the three that lately we had, only one has much disturbed observing minds, and that one was not Cardinal Farley. Of him

a vast deal has been said since he died, and, so far as we have noticed, not a cross word in all the remarks. He was seldom, if ever, in the office of this paper, and our knowledge of him comes entirely by reading and hearsay, but he seems to have been a gentle and pious man, whose main concern was to do good.

There was rarely any complaint about him. He was not bumptious, nor over eager for advertisement, nor unduly elated in being a certified prince in active official operation in a certified republic. There may be various princes knocking about in this country, and many more, possibly, about to take refuge here, but the Roman Catholic Cardinals are the only ones who work

at their employments under the protection of our flag.

The late Cardinal's war record was admirable. He approved and supported our country's participation in the effort to rescue civilization from the Germans, and helped in every way he could, and efficiently, to win the war. He had a truly great funeral. Perhaps it would be unkind to say he deserved it, for the more spiritually minded a man is, the less he will covet a huge parade about his burial. But princes of the Church have to put up with such funerals as are administered to them, and no one should think less of Cardinal Farley for being buried with so much pomp.



ONE of the drawbacks to the movies is that some of them are such liars. What they present they give with an immense emphasis. You actually see what happens, and it takes much harder hold on the mind than what is merely told you. So much the more reason that what purports to be true should be true; true to character in people, true to fact in situations.

Much too often the pictures lie. In some great spectacles characters and historical situations are grossly misrepresented. An illustration appears in what the papers say about the Fox Film Corporation's absurd caricature of the Battle of San Juan Hill, in which, they tell us, Colonel Roosevelt is represented as rescued by Lieutenant John J. Pershing of the Tenth Negro Cavalry.

There was no such rescue. According to the newspaper stories, the scenario man admitted that he invented it and put it in to make the show more interesting. He seemed entirely unaware that the fabricated war film, misdealing with real people and real events, was any more culpable than if it had been fabricated out of whole cloth about fictitious personages.

The government, or somebody, should open a class in ethics for the picture people, and require of them, before they get a license, a certificate that they understand their obligation to make their pictures tell the truth.

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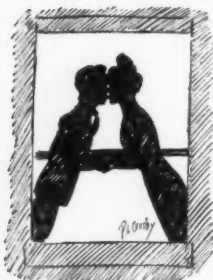
For em

· L E ·





The Theatrical Season in Full Swing



AS a reward for not hoping too much, the cleverness of "Tea for Three" came to the wearied brain of the critic as a glad surprise. After Mr. Roi Cooper Megrue's extremely commonplace American additions to the French text of "Where Poppies Bloom" it seemed hardly possible that the bright and epigrammatic lines of "Tea for Three" could come from the same pen. The only reversion to the type of humor in the other play was a line of free advertisement for a Fifth Avenue shop, but, with this exception, almost every important speech was on a plane of wit and humor rarely encountered in plays of the day.

The theme is the triangle, but, as the wife is not really guilty, it is easy for even an American audience to enjoy the numerous laughs at the expense of the jealous and suspicious husband. In France, where the triangle flourishes best as constant dramatic material, sympathy is always with the lover, and the husband is a joke, whether or no he deserves to be deceived. For purposes of amusement the present author makes him rather an ass and an easy target for the exaggerated cleverness of the Lothario whose wicked desires go no further than an ambition to become a third member of the household on something the same standing as that of the family cat. To achieve his object he leads the husband a merry dance of jealousy, even going so far as to philander with the wife in his bachelor apartment while the husband watches the window from across the street. Even this is a harmless proceeding, according to the philosophy of the play, and it certainly has its results, particularly in providing laughter.

The fun of "Tea for Three" is ably administered by Mr. Arthur Byron as the lover with a ready wit and a miraculous discernment of married character, Mr. Frederick Perry as the husband victim of these abilities and Margaret Lawrence as a charmingly ingenue wife. These with two well played minor characters form the entirety of an exceptionally clever cast. LIFE can conscientiously recommend "Tea for Three" to persons who are tired of mediocrity in plays and acting.

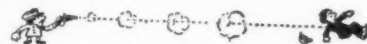


ACROSS the way is an example of the English product of the same type in Oscar Wilde's "An Ideal Husband." So far as lines go, the American comedy does not suffer by contrast. The situations in "An Ideal Husband" are not so broadly comical, and the plot confines itself more closely to the possible, but, on the other hand, the elements of time and place fit "Tea for Three" better to the taste of an American audience than do those of the much earlier English play. Although the cast includes several well known artists they have

not been chosen with entire regard to their suitability to their rôles, so the play lacks in the distinguished atmosphere necessary to make Wilde's plays enjoyable.



"SOME NIGHT" may appeal to those devotees of girls and music who do not tire of much the same thing done over and over again in much the same way. It isn't absolutely bad of its kind, but belongs along in the middle class of a form of entertainment which in these days has to be done superlatively well to excite interest in any but its own peculiar and constant following. We have so many musical plays of the type and merit of "Some Night" that this one fails to excite any but the mildest interest.



"OVER HERE" is propaganda melodrama aimed at pacifists and pro-Germans. It takes a lot of plotting, shooting, bombing and dark-staging to accomplish its purpose, and in construction it is about the crudest of the plays so far inspired by the war. Every pacifist and pro-German should be compelled to sit through "Over Here" before receiving their other punishments.



ANOTHER melodrama, this time just regular melodrama called "Someone in the House," required three dramatists to build up complications for its plot, and they have succeeded so well in the task of complication that it would take another bunch of dramatists to unravel it. A large cast with a number of well known names struggled hard to roll the clouds away, but not with entire success. It may be said in behalf of "Someone in the House" that anyone who becomes interested in its plot will not, for the time being, be able to worry about the provisions of Mr. Claude Kitchen's revenue bill.



IT is to wonder just where the Hattons get their ideas of New York life. "Sodom was bad, and Gomorrah was worse," says the old song, but according to the Hattons, as per



"DON'T MOVE, GRANDPA. WE'RE PLAYING WILLIAM TELL"



"PLEASE READ IT ALOUD"

their latest dramatic chapter called "The Walk-Offs," New York can give the ancient cities of the plain cards, spades and big and little casino in the game of silly vice. And these authors do not make their points nicely. When they remove most of the wearing apparel from one of their young women characters, they are not content to let the exposure speak for itself, but they also make her talk about it. They have more delicacy at the Winter Garden.

In a numerous cast Carroll McComas archly plays the *Katharina* in a clumsy paraphrase of a scene from "The Shrew," Fania Marinoff realizes perfectly an imported type not admitted to terms of equality even in lax circles, and Mr. William Roselle makes amusing a dipsomaniac who would not be tolerated even in a retreat for inebriates.

It is to be hoped that "The Walk-Offs" will not go on the road. In the Middle West and other credulous sections New York's reputation is none too good already, and it would not be improved if the Hattons were taken as honesttogawd dramatists. It may be that there are in New York as viciously vulgar people as are here depicted. But they do not form a circle of society. And they are quite stupid enough to move in the very best circles.

Metcalfe.



CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Astor.—Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in "Keep Her Smiling," by Mr. J. H. Booth. Business life made

diverting in agreeably played light comedy.

Belasco.—"Daddies," by Mr. John L. Hobbie. Delightfully staged comedy with a bit of pathos connected with the French war orphans.

Belmont.—Closed.

Bijou.—"One of Us," by Messrs. Lait and Swerling. Amusingly clever and well acted comedy of Chicago low life.

Booth.—"Watch Your Neighbor," by Messrs. Gordon and Clemens. A humorous element lightening up an interesting spy drama.

Broadhurst.—"Maytime," by Young and Romberg. Charming, original and well presented musical play.

Casino.—"The Maid of the Mountains," Brigaud comic operetta from London. Tuneful and handsomely staged.

Central.—"Forever After," by Mr. Owen Davis, with Miss Alice Brady. Drama of rather sickly sentiment with a war touch.

Century.—"Sinbad" with Mr. Al. Jolson as the leading comedian. Having graduated from the Winter Garden, it follows that "Sinbad" is a gorgeous alleviation of the worries of the t. b. m.

Century Grove.—Midnight cabaret.

Cohan.—"Head Over Heels," by Messrs. Woolf and Kern with Mitzi as the star. A well staged background for the ability of the clever little musical soubrette.

Cohan and Harris.—"Three Faces East," by Mr. A. P. Kelly. Thrilling spy-drama, very well acted.

Comedy.—"An Ideal Husband," by Oscar Wilde. See above.

Cort.—"Fiddlers Three," by Messrs. Duncan and Johnstone. Charming and melodious comic operetta.

Criterion.—"The Awakening." Notice later.

Eltinge.—"Under Orders," by Mr. Berte Thomas, with Effie Shannon and Mr. Shelley Hull. Two artists doing well all the work in an ingenious war drama.

Empire.—"The Saving Grace," by Mr. Haddon Chambers, with Mr. Cyril Maude. Notice later.

Forty-fourth Street.—Mr. D. W. Griffith's "Hearts of the World." Closing weeks of the elaborate movie play with its stirring war pictures.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Woman on the Index," by Lillian T. Bradley and Mr. George Broadhurst. Crime melodrama with a profound mystery.

Fulton.—"Over Here," by Mr. Oliver D. Bailey. See above.

Gaiety.—"Lightnin'," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Frank Bacon. The latter in a good character part connected with the divorce industry in Reno.

Globe.—Mr. Booth Tarkington's "Penrod" put into play form by Mr. E. E. Rose. The boy fun of the book successfully transferred to the stage.

Harris.—"Some Night." See above.

Hippodrome.—"Everything." Typical Hippodrome show without any surprisingly big features.

Hudson.—"Friendly Enemies," by Messrs. Shipman and Hoffman, with Messrs. Mann and Bernard. Pictures well the combined humor and pathos of the present predicament of the American of German birth.

Knickerbocker.—"Someone in the House," by Messrs. Evans, Percival and Kaufman. See above.

Liberty.—"Going Up." Adventures of an involuntary aviator made laughable in tuneful musical play.

Longacre.—Closed.

Lyceum.—Mr. Otis Skinner in "Humpty Dumpty," by Mr. H. A. Vachell. Excellent acting of a comedy very British and not remarkably clever.

Lyric.—"The Unknown Purple," by Messrs. West and Moore. Melodrama of retribution. Complicated, but original and well done.

Manhattan.—Return of "The Wanderer." Spectacular play version of the parable of the prodigal son.

Marine Elliott's.—"Tea for Three," by Mr. R. C. Megrue. See above.

Morisco.—"One of Us," by the Hattons. See above.

Park.—Repertory of opera comique by the Society of American Singers. Notice later.

Playhouse.—"She Walked in Her Sleep," by Mr. Mark Swan. Farical comedy, very slender and somewhat amusing.

Plymouth.—Tolstoi's "Awakening" with Mr. John Barrymore. Notice later.

Princess.—"Jonathan Makes a Wish," by Mr. Stuart Walker. Rather idyllic but well staged romance of boy life.

Republic.—"Where Poppies Bloom" with Marjorie Rambeau. War drama with France its scene and the spy motive strongly developed.

Selwyn.—"Information, Please," by Jane Cowl and Jane Murniu, with the former as the star. Notice later.

Shubert.—Closed.

Thirty-ninth Street.—Closed.

Winter Garden.—"Passing Show of 1918." More luxurious entertainment in the way of girls, music, scenery and costumes intended to lull the t. b. m.

Ziegfeld's Frolic.—Midnight cabaret.

"Dad"

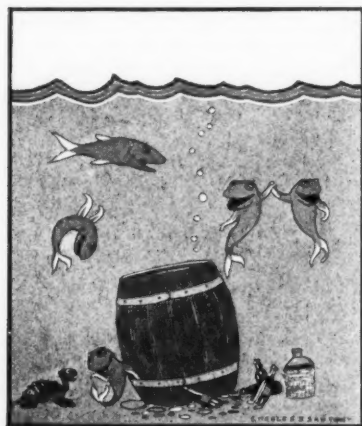
THROUGH valiant years he worked
and saved and planned,
To give his boy the opportunities
That he himself had missed; the
luxuries
Of boarding-school and college, travel
and
Leisure to think out what he'd best
command
Of life and chance. His father's
heart was set
On having him keep up the business,
yet
He left him to decide with liberal hand.

And when war came, Dad laid his
hopes aside,
And helped his son to train up and
enlist.
Now at the club he tells with cheery
pride:
"My boy writes me from France,"
... his graphic fist
Brought firmly down. None guess his
anxious heart,
So well he plays, with smiles and jokes,
his part.

Charlotte Becker.

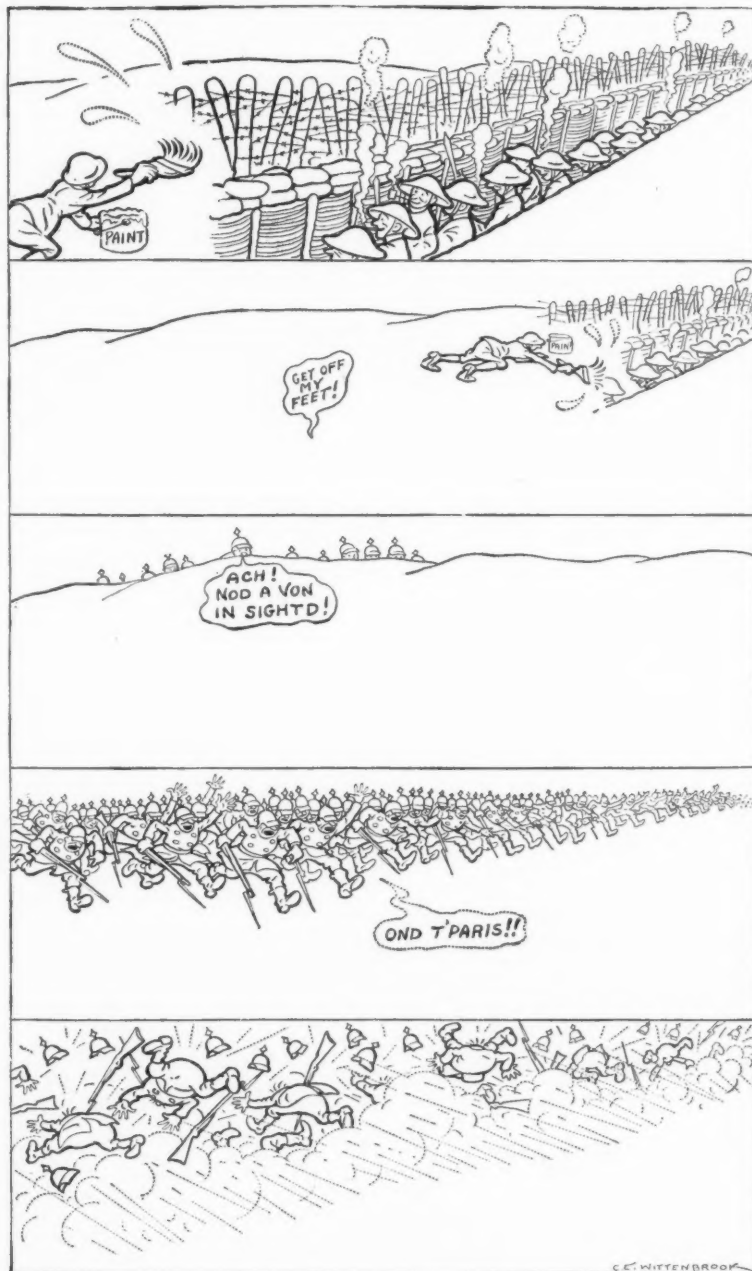
Books Where They Belong

THE *Tribune* (September 9th) complains, under a large headline, that books which the government ordered destroyed if found in military libraries are harbored in the New York Public



IN A DRY STATE

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE LAKE INTO WHICH CONFISCATED LIQUOR HAD BEEN THROWN.



AN ARTIST'S DREAM
CAMOUFLAGING A TRENCH

Library. Then it quotes objectionable passages from several of them.

Stars above! Why not have them in the Public Library! Is it worse to have them there than for the *Tribune* to quote them? A great public library should have, and preserve, all kinds of books, and keep most of them subject

to inspection, so that an enquirer like the *Tribune* can find them when it wants to.

THE next thing to look for from Germany is an offer of an extra Iron Cross to the submarine commander who torpedoes a Christmas ship.



AND HE NEVER CAME BACK

Who Said "Money?"

Senators, we have got to stop and think pretty soon what we are going to do with the money of the people of this country. We have got enormous bills to pay when the war is over. We cannot in a haphazard, illogical, unthinking way go ahead and provide for the expenditure of billions of dollars without bringing down on ourselves condemnation, and just condemnation, from our constituents.

—Senator John W. Weeks from Massachusetts.

THE answer to this might be, if the war continues much longer, that there "ain't going to be no money." But it is painful to hear a United States Senator, and especially a senator from Massachusetts, talk in this timid manner. What are a few billion dollars among friends!

GLORIOUS FOURTHS: The Fourth of July and the fourth Liberty Loan.

Order of Director General of All Meetings of All Conferences, Conventions, Associations and Societies

Order No. 1

NO meeting shall be more than four times as long as the real business requires.

Order No. 2

No organization shall have sections or sub-divisions in number more than twice the number of the entire membership.

Order No. 3

Relative to addresses of welcome:

(a) No address of welcome shall be longer than the following; to wit: "Members of (*here insert the name of the organization*), it would be absurd to welcome you to any place in a free country where you are willing to pay your bills. If you have any business to perform, I admonish you 'to go to it.'"

(b) Persons delivering second addresses of welcome will be imprisoned for not less than ten years.

(c) Anyone convicted of delivering the third address of welcome will be shot according to United States army regulations.

Order No. 4

Relative to responses to addresses of welcome:

(a) The following shall be the form required: "Apologizing to all present for the time wasted in this introductory nonsense, I move we proceed to business, if we have any to perform."

(b) Penalties listed under Order No. 3 (b) and (c) shall apply, respectively, to the second and third responders to addresses of welcome.

Order No. 5

Relative to farewell addresses, summaries and closing remarks. Persons sentenced to such labor shall speak as follows: "Begging your pardon for wasting this much time, I suggest that we go home."

(Signed) JUSTUS AV. C. SENSE,
Director General.



"ACH, ELSA! VOT A FINE SOLDIER FOR DER FADERLAND DOT BOY IS GOING TO BE!"

Christmas is Coming



CHRISTIANE BOIS,
BABY 2618

MR. SANTA CLAUS is more than three thousand miles away from LIFE's French war orphans. Therefore, being in America, he has to get busy early, as it takes time to get his remembrances to these far-off little ones.

Last year LIFE's readers provided more than enough funds to give every one of the then twenty-two hundred children on the list a dollar's worth of toys and clothing. The money was spent and the packages shipped by a committee of French and American ladies and gentlemen in Paris. They bought toys made by wounded French soldiers and the little garments from shops employing women made dependent by the war. The gifts came to the children as a Christmas surprise, and hundreds of scrawly little letters from them passed through LIFE office, expressing their delight and their gratitude to their American Santa Clauses.

This year there will be more than thirty-three hundred children on LIFE's list. It will depend upon LIFE's readers whether so much as a dollar apiece can be spent upon the children, but we have something to start with from last year. The total was \$2,630.88, to provide for twenty-two hundred children. Therefore we make this start for

THE CHRISTMAS FUND OF 1918

Balance of 1917 fund.....	\$430.88
LIFE	100.
	\$530.88



MARIE BARON, BABY 2608



LOUISE COURTAY, BABY 2619



"EVERYBODY'S DOING IT, ARE YOU?"

Please remember that the Christmas gifts are an added expression of American good will, and the providing of the actual necessities for the French war orphans is a continuing and stupendous work. As long as the Prussians have ammunition to kill French fathers the list will continue to grow and the need of help increase. The donations of seventy-three dollars, which sum provides for the maintenance of a French baby for two years, are more needed than ever.

LIFE has received, in all, \$251,546.08, from which there have been remitted to Paris 1,365,147.45 francs. We gratefully acknowledge from

Doris Mitchell, Seattle, Wash., for Baby No. 3143..... \$73
 Mrs. J. H. Cochran, Williamsport, Pa., for Baby No. 3144..... 73
 "In memory of Robert Andrew Hargrove," Tuscaloosa, Ala., for Baby No. 3146..... 73
 D. E. French, Auburn, N. Y., for Baby No. 3147..... 73
 Miss Katherine S. Miller, Fairmont, Va., for Baby No. 3148..... 73
 Caroline Fiske, New York City, for Baby No. 3149..... 73
 "In memory of Ethel G. S.," Athol, Mass., for Baby No. 3150..... 73
 Edgar A. Newlon, Great Falls, Mont., for Baby No. 3151..... 73
 Victor Talking Machine Co. Lunch Club, Camden, N. J., for Baby No. 3152..... 73
 Mrs. J. J. Donovan, Bellingham, Wash., for Baby No. 3153..... 73
 Morgan F. Hewitt, Minneapolis, Minn., for Babies Nos. 3158 and 3159. 146

RENEWALS: Mrs. David Meade Massie, Chillicothe, Ohio, \$73; "H. H. Pennsylvania," \$73; "Mrs. N. R. T.," San Francisco, Cal., \$73; Pilgrim Chapter, D. A. R., Iowa City, Iowa, by Mrs. Eleanor S. Biggs, \$36.50; Mrs. Isabel P. Clark, Willoughby, Ohio, \$36; Amelia Shapleigh, West Lebanon, Me., \$73; Laura B. Penfield, New York City, \$73; Grace L. Clapp, Windsor Locks, Conn., \$25; Margaret F. Burdick and C. W. Burdick, Cheyenne, Wyo., \$73; Frank N. Doubleday, Garden City, N. Y., \$73; Mrs. G. W. Nott and Miss Emma Nott, New Orleans, La., \$100; Mrs. John Little, Honolulu, H. T., \$3; Mrs. Frederick T. Ducharme, Detroit, Mich., \$73; "S. X. X.," Suffield, Conn., \$36.50.

PAYMENTS ON ACCOUNT: George T. White, Detroit, Mich., \$100; I. X. L. Class of Presbyterian Sunday School, Napoleon, Ohio, \$0.13; Mrs. J. N. Carnes, Charleston, W. Va., \$18.25; Mrs. C. G. Parlin, Mobile, Ala., \$10; "G. M. E.," Buffalo, N. Y., \$5; "W. A. Y.," Centre Valley, Pa., \$10; Herbert K. Salmon, Netcong, N. J., \$3; Louise Henderson, Washington, D. C., \$2; Clara Goodwin, Brookline, Mass., \$3; "In memory of Mary



AFTER THE WAR

THE CAUSE OF THE TERRIBLE WORLD WAR WAS GERMANY'S GREEDY DESIRE FOR COMMERCIAL SUPREMACY

Page, Detroit, Mich., \$146; "Ex-smoker," France, \$40; Dorothy Kross and Helen D. Rohnert, Detroit, Mich., \$36.50; R. H. Wallace, New York City, \$6; Lizette Ward, Washington, D. C., \$3; "A Friend," Pueblo, Colo., \$10.

BABY NUMBER 3120

Already acknowledged	\$44.32
Mrs. John Briggs, Newton Centre, Mass.....	6
Mrs. Cecil A. Lyon, Colorado Springs, Colo.....	10
107th Ordnance Depot Company, Camp Gordon, Ga.....	5
	\$65.32



SOLANGE NICOLEAU, BABY 2744



OCTAVE NÉDELLEC, BABY 2616

A Domestic Idyll

SHE never missed attendance at church, and when Sunday came, and a bad cold, and a dismal rain kept her at home, she was irreconcilable.

"We will have services at home," said her husband, and the good woman was pleased, thinking that perhaps he, too, enjoyed the church service more than he had admitted in days gone by.

"You be the choir," he said, "and I will preach."

In a hoarse, uncertain voice, the wife sang a hymn.

Then the preacher took his turn, and for one whole hour he scolded the woman who sat in front of him. She played cards, she neglected her church duties to visit and gossip, she was not doing as much for the Red Cross as she might, and the dress she wore, said the "preacher," represented a sum sufficient to keep five orphans in France ten years.

The conclusion of the "sermon" was drowned by the sound of the wife's sobs.

"That's just like you women," said the "preacher" in disgust, "you will let a preacher say all these things to you, but when a husband tries it you think you are abused. Services are ended."

The Week Off

"HOW did you spend your week's vacation?"

"I spent a day and a half going to a place where I would have nothing to do, one day doing nothing, three days with a headache from doing nothing, and a day and a half getting back to where I could do something."



"IS THAT YOUNG MAN IN THERE THE ONE WHO HAS BEEN CALLING ON YOU SO MUCH LATELY?"

"YES, FATHER."

"WELL, IF HE SCREAMS FOR HELP TO-NIGHT TELL HIM NOT TO EXPECT ME TO COME. I'M TOO TIRED."

Our Own Private Constitution

(For Husbands Only)

NOW that monarchies are falling and new constitutions are coming in, we propose to gratify a wish long dormant with us, and have a constitution of our very own, to wit and by these presents:

We, the tired business men of America, consisting of husbands, bachelors, baseball fans, movie fiends, poker players, golf players, etc., do hereby ordain and celebrate this constitution:

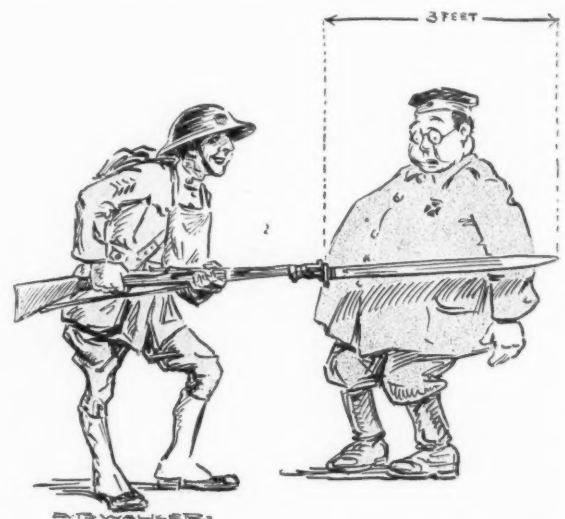
Hereafter we shall refuse to replace tires on cars which, intended for our own exclusive use, our wives have usurped for themselves.

All charge accounts shall be abolished.

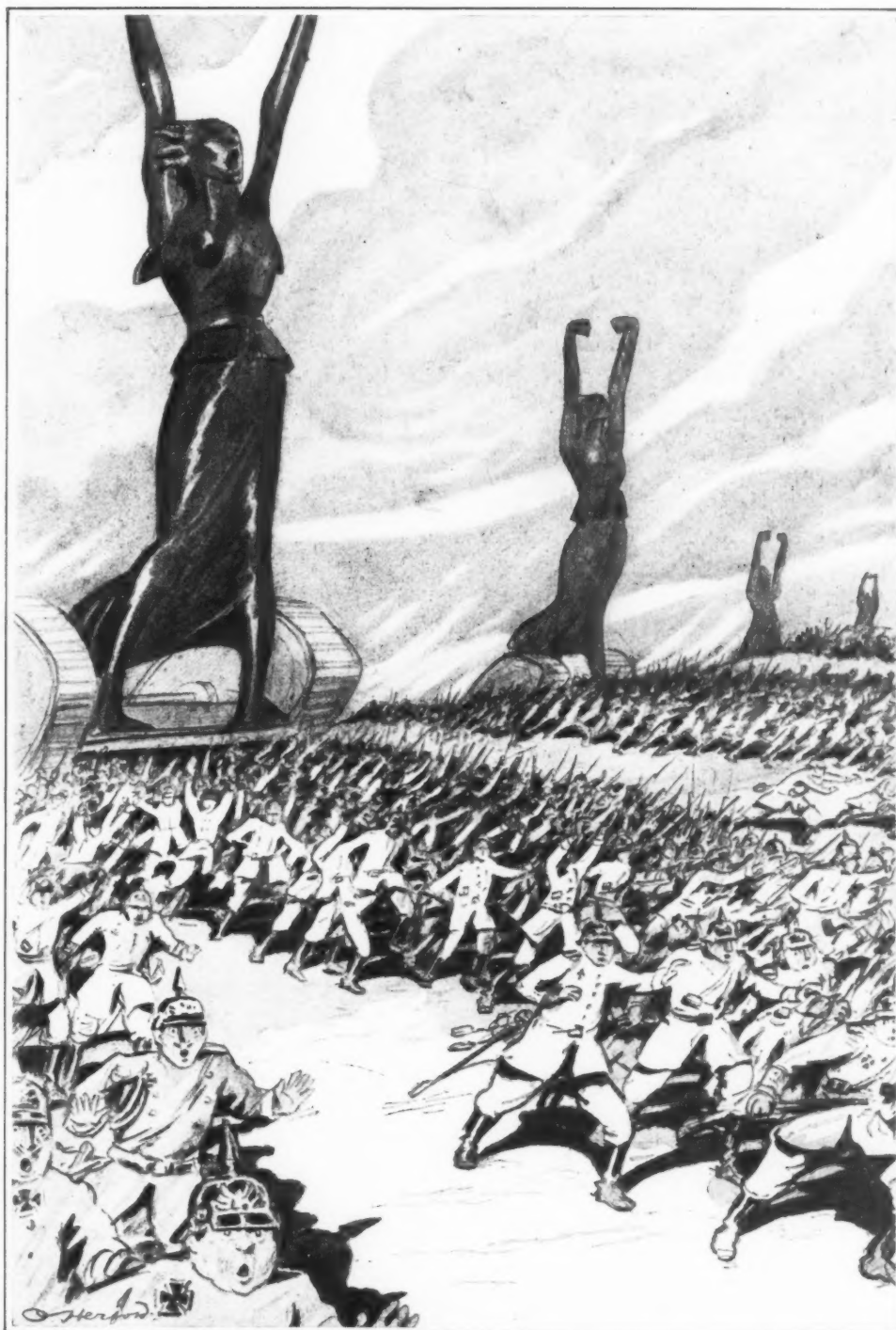
When unexpected company appears in the evening we shall not be coerced into going to the movies with them.

We shall not make our own beds or place upon our tired feet the "failure" socks not good enough for the boys at the front.

We shall not have to drink elderberry wine or wash with home-made soap.



Sammy (to Hun prisoner): THAT'S ALL RIGHT, FRITZ. DON'T BE SCARED. I ONLY WANTED TO SEE IF OUR NEW BAYONET WAS REALLY LONG ENOUGH.



FRANCE AROUSED
Jo Davidson,
sculptor
Maurice Goldberg,
photographer

FRIGHTFULNESS

IN VIEW OF ITS POSSIBLE REJECTION AS A WORK OF ART, WHY NOT USE THE DAVIDSON STATUE, "FRANCE AROUSED," TO TERRIFY THE TEUTONS, BY WAY OF REPRISAL FOR THEIR POISON GAS AND BOMBING OF HOSPITALS?



Too Useful to Lose

The great detective stood before the rich merchant, waiting for his instructions.

"It's this way," began the merchant. "I have been robbed of hundreds of pounds. A rascal has gone about the country pretending to be a collector of ours. He has simply coined money. Why, in a week he collected more than all our travelers put together. He must be found as quickly as possible. Spare no expense."

"Right," said the detective. "Within a week he will be in prison."

"Prison! What do you mean?" cried the merchant. "I don't want him arrested; I want to engage him."

—Tit-Bits.

Topographical Exactitude

"And where were you torpedoed?"

"Well, we was struck right under the bridge, miss."

"Dear, dear! How dreadful! Now, tell me, was that London Bridge or the Tower?"—*Windsor Magazine*.

"You held your position bravely," said the colonel to the kiltie.

"I had to. The mud here is so thick you can't retreat."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.



A LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER

He Was Sure

"Are you sure this chicken is tender?" asked the customer in the market.

"Yes, I think it is, sir," replied the market man.

"And do you know that it is fresh killed?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive."

"Why are you so positive?"

"Because I caught it in my war garden only yesterday."

—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

Reason Enough

An extremely wealthy man has occasion frequently to make use of taxis, and he always gives the chauffeurs the legal fare and no more.

Once, when he handed the man the fare, the latter looked it over and said:

"Excuse me, sir, but your son always gives me twice as much as this."

"I don't doubt it," growled the old man; "he has a rich father."

—*Windsor Magazine*.

The welfare worker glanced around apprehensively as she entered the humble dwelling. "Are you not afraid to live here? I do not see any fire-escape."

"Law, no, miss! I don't need one," returned the satisfied slum dweller. "Whenever the cops come up after me I makes my getaway over the roof."

—*New York Globe*.

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Full report of this Contest, with winning titles, and names and addresses of winners, appeared in the July 18th issue of LIFE.

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Verboten News

The New York Tribune takes this means of reaching other than its own readers with a story that has been refused at advertising rates by—

All of the competitive New York newspapers.

Some of the New York billboards.

Several of the national weeklies.

IN the course of a campaign against seditious and disloyal publications, undertaken at the urgent request of the government, the TRIBUNE exposed the disloyalism of the Hearst newspapers in a series of articles entitled, "Coiled in the Flag—Hears-s-s-t."

WHILE the TRIBUNE was engaged in this work the newsdealers of Greater New York declared war on the Hearst newspapers, for economic and patriotic reasons. All the members of the New York Publishers' Association, except the TRIBUNE, resolved to treat this action on the part of the newsdealers as an illegal boycott and agreed to support Hearst by refusing to sell their papers to any dealer who stopped buying the Hearst papers. This was to say that a newsdealer who for any reason refused to handle Hearst's *American* or *Journal*, or who reduced his daily orders for them, could buy no other morning or evening newspaper. The Publishers' Association was afraid that if the newsdealers could overthrow the influence of Hearst they would be strong enough to demand a general reduction in the price of papers.

IN view of its fight against the Hearst newspapers, which had led to their being denounced by the National Security League and barred from many communities for patriotic reasons, the TRIBUNE could not stand with Hearst commercially. The TRIBUNE, therefore, acting alone, announced that it would sell to all newsdealers alike, without discrimination, whether they handled Hearst newspapers or not.

THEREUPON, the Publishers' Association, representing (besides the Hearst newspapers) the *World*, the *Times*, the *Sun*, the *Herald*, the *Staats-Zeitung*, the *Evening Sun*, the *Evening World*, the *Evening Telegram*, the *Mail*, the *Globe* and the *Post*, decreed that the circulation of the TRIBUNE should be restrained.

IT notified the American News Company not to deliver the TRIBUNE to anti-Hearst newsdealers. The American News Company absolutely controls the distribution of morning newspapers in New York. It refused to deliver the TRIBUNE to newsdealers who either cancelled or reduced their orders for the Hearst newspapers.

AT this point the TRIBUNE was expected to choose between sacrificing its anti-Hearst policy or losing control of its circulation. The TRIBUNE chose instead to fight it out. The first step was to meet the newsdealers' economic problem by reducing the price of papers from \$1.40 to \$1.20 per hundred. When this was announced the American News Company refused to deliver the TRIBUNE at all to any newsdealer, except at the old price of \$1.40 per hundred. Having attempted to dictate to whom the TRIBUNE should be sold, this organization proposed now to say at what price it should be sold.

THE TRIBUNE then proceeded to organize its own delivery system, a thing so difficult and costly to do that no New York morning newspaper has ever tried it under conditions now existing.

MEANWHILE Hearst has invoked the aid of the city administration, through Mayor Hylan, whom the Hearst papers pretend to have elected to office. Licenses of the anti-Hearst dealers have been revoked. There have been injunction proceedings in the courts and incipient riots in the streets, all of which the New York newspapers have steadily ignored in their news columns. The newsdealers are soliciting popular contributions to a defense fund. Checks should be sent to Lemuel Ely Quigg, their counsel, at 32 Liberty Street, New York.

THE TRIBUNE has retained Lindley M. Garrison, former Secretary of War, as special counsel to seek the legal redress to which it may be entitled.

NOTE—Owing to the scarcity of print paper and the rules of conservation now being observed, it is impossible for the TRIBUNE to exceed its paid circulation. Otherwise it would undertake to give this story unlimited circulation in New York from its own presses. The same condition as to paper limits the distribution of pamphlets. Therefore, those who are with us in this fight are requested to give this page further circulation. Cut it out and mail it to your friends and ask them to re-mail it to others.

New York Tribune

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Would Work It Out

DOCTOR: You owe me a bill of twenty-five dollars.

PATIENT: Well, if I had a job I might pay you. Can't you give me a job?

DOCTOR: What kind of a job could I give you?

PATIENT: Well, you might give me a job collecting the bill.—*Transcript.*

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BENEDICT (*gloomily*): Yes, and since then I've found it one grand, sweet refrain.

BACHELOR: Refrain?

BENEDICT: Yes. My wife insists that I refrain from cards, refrain from smoking and refrain from the club.

—*Tit-Bits.*

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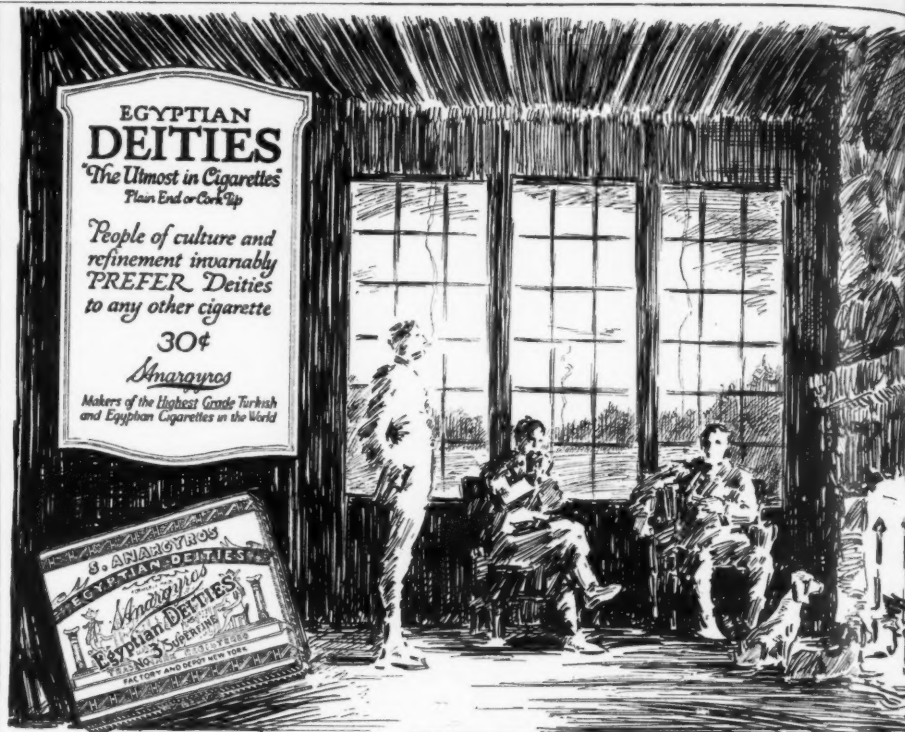
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"MOTHER, DO OUR SOLDIERS IN FRANCE BATH?"
"POOR BOYS! NOT VERY OFTEN, I'M AFRAID."
"DOES IT SEEM ALTOGETHER SQUARE—TO THIS SOAP AND WATER?"

Overhe

Scene
Play: Julia

A GIRL:
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Overheard at a First Night in Washington

Scene: Belasco Theatre.

Play: Juliet Maginnis in "Hot Air."

A GIRL: There are the Lansings. He is the stern-looking man with the gray mustache.

ANOTHER GIRL: Oh, my dear, that's never him. Why, that man hasn't even got on evening clothes—just a shirt and a white tie.

A GIRL: Well, that's Mrs. Lansing, anyway. She's in black for her father. He's dead. He was something in China once.

THE MAN: Where's McAdoo. Gee, he's got some job.

A GIRL: There's his wife. Isn't she sweet? She has her hair different, and she is lots fatter.

ANOTHER GIRL: Is that man with the iron gray hair the Secretary of War?

A GIRL: With the McAdoos?

ANOTHER GIRL: Yes.

A GIRL: Mercy, no! That's Barney Baruch.

THE MAN: He's that little man back of the woman leaning over the box rail. The one with glasses.

ANOTHER GIRL: That! And that should be Baker! Why, he just looks like a little Boston boy. Is that his wife?

A GIRL: Hush! She might hear you and then she would burst forth into singing "Uncle Sam."

ANOTHER GIRL: Pretty dress, but awful restless. I love those black chiffon points and that bare look, don't you? Is that her sister?

A GIRL: I don't know. I guess that's just some suffragette the cat brought in.

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THE MAN: That man next to him is John Barrett.

A GIRL: Oh, no, it isn't dear, that's Lane. Isn't he the baldest thing? There's Daniels next. Wouldn't he look droll in a sailor suit?

ANOTHER GIRL: Don't you love Juliet Maginnis in this?

A GIRL: She has the biggest mouth in the world, but once you forget it she's not half bad.

THE MAN: Her mouth is attractive, anyway, even if it isn't so small, and she sure can act.

THE GIRL: Don't you adore that Harvard crimson and that fascinating pointed hat? She looks just like a paper doll I used to have when I was a kid.

THE MAN: Hush, there's the curtain.

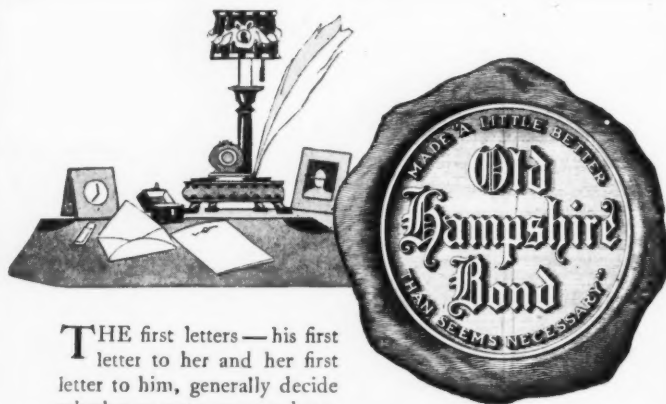
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Cleveland*



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A Little Game of Draw

As Chronicled by Shakespeare

THE GAME BEGINS

THEY come to take hands.—"Much Ado About Nothing," Act 4, Sc. 1.
Well, sit we down.—"Hamlet," Act 1, Sc. 1.

My worthy friends, will you draw?—"Timon of Athens," Act 3, Sc. 6.
And as thou drawest, swear horrible.—"Twelfth Night," Act 3, Sc. 4.
The very opener!—"King Henry IV," Pt. 2, Act 4, Sc. 2.

I am sorry now that I did draw.—"Comedy of Errors," Act 5, Sc. 1.
Marry, beshrew my hand!—"Much Ado About Nothing," Act 5, Sc. 1.
No, faith, I'll not stay.—"Twelfth Night," Act 3, Sc. 2.

I'll lay down.—"A Winter's Tale," Act 3, Sc. 2.
Believe me, I am passing.—"King Henry IV," Pt. 2, Act 4, Sc. 2.
Thou art good velvet.—"Measure for Measure," Act 1, Sc. 2.

THE GAME CONTINUES

Take away the edge.—"The Tempest," Act 4, Sc. 1.

A shy fellow.—"Measure for Measure," Act 3, Sc. 2.

Pray you, come in.—"Troilus and Cressida," Act 4, Sc. 2.

Now, masters, draw.—"Titus Andronicus," Act 4, Sc. 3.

Now might I do it pat.—"Hamlet," Act 3, Sc. 3.

I am in.—"King Richard III," Act 4, Sc. 2.

I stay.—"Measure for Measure," Act 4, Sc. 5.

I will fill the house.—"King Henry VI," Pt. 3, Act 1, Sc. 1.

I have it full.—"Taming of the Shrew," Act 1, Sc. 1.

Two of both kinds makes up four.—"Midsummer Night's Dream," Act 3, Sc. 2.

Do you call there?—"All's Well That Ends Well," Act 2, Sc. 3.

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SHOE COMPANY
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BROCKTON, MASS.

I shall raise you.—"Julius Caesar," Act 4, Sc. 3.

I am bound to call.—"Measure for Measure," Act 3, Sc. 2.

Let's see these four threes.—"A Winter's Tale," Act 4, Sc. 3.

Thanks to you that called me.—"Antony and Cleopatra," Act 2, Sc. 6.

AFTER THE GAME

So, so, so, so; they laugh that win.—"Othello," Act 4, Sc. 1.

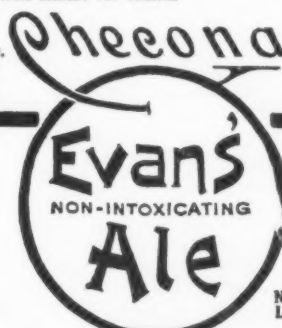
It would make any man cold to lose.—"Cymbeline," Act 2, Sc. 3.

'Tis but fortune; all is fortune.—"Twelfth Night," Act 2, Sc. 5.

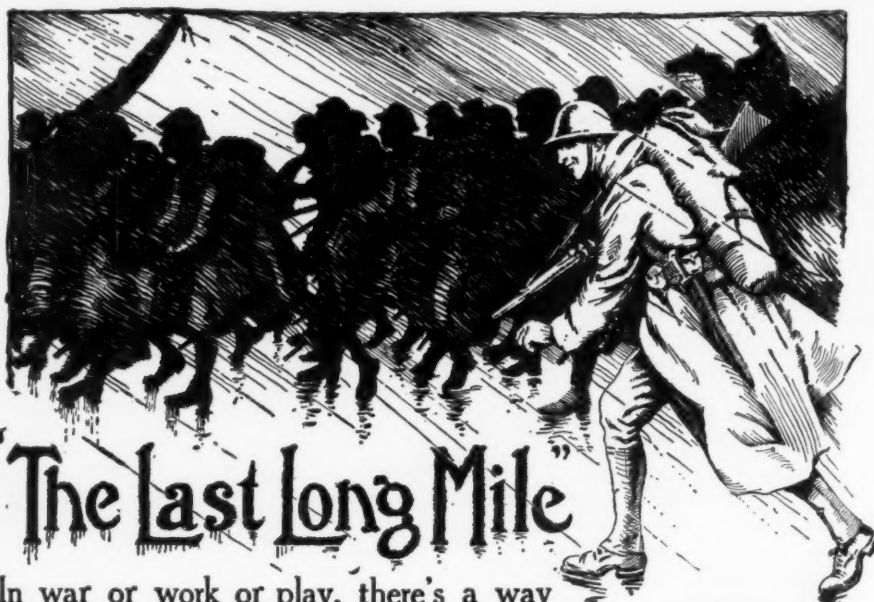
Go, presently inquire, and so will I, where money is.—"Merchant of Venice," Act 1, Sc. 1.

Let's away and get our jewels.—"As You Like It," Act 1, Sc. 3.

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"WE'RE THE ADVANCE GUARD OF THE ENGLISH SPARROWS, AND THERE ARE MILLIONS OF US."

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THE gold stripe's won!
Thanks to the Hun
And his shrapnel fierce and biting.
The thing I mind
Is the long, long grind
Till I get back in the fighting.

It hurt a bit,
But what of it!
In the crimson of its flowing—
My wound—I see,
For the men with me,
A bond of love that's growing.

We're nearer drawn,
And the lad who's gone
Where the trail leads West—I know
it—
A stripe that's bright
With the "glory" light,
The good Lord will bestow it.

We're brothers, all;
One heart, one call,
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There's no retreat
Till the Huns are beat,
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